

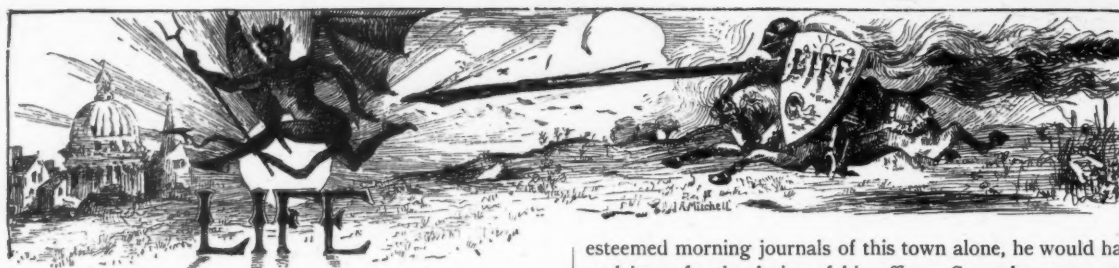


A BLUFF GAME.

Doctor: Now, my little man, you take this medicine and I will give you five cents.

Young America: You take it yourself and I will go you five cents better.

97
87
10



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX.

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A CRYING want is a proper greeting for Easter. LIFE has a cheerful young friend who turns out of an Easter morning in a shiny hat and with a bunch of violets in his buttonhole, and meets his acquaintances with the announcement that "The Lord has Risen!" It is certainly a word in season, and he puts so much sunshine and urbanity into it that he needs no other greeting. But all of us have not his talents. It is the common way to let the natural feelings break out in apparel and flowers, but otherwise to leave them unspoken. A Merry Christmas! A Happy New Year! are recognized cries; but no adjective has come down predisposed to be tacked on to Easter, and we fear it is idle to try to invent one. Easter is not the only sign of spring. Anything, meteorologically speaking, may come at this season on any day. The weather may start in Florida or in Montana; in either case it gets here in good preservation, and a straw is a burden or a heavy overcoat a luxury merely according to where the start is made. But from the South come indisputable proofs that spring has set in. The sea-serpent has been seen off the coast of Southern California, and nine persons were poisoned in Memphis about a week ago by ice-cream. These are the sort of swallows that spring is made of. Ice-cream rages even in northern latitudes the year around, but the sort that tastes of the freezer and strikes in is summer ice-cream and no other.

THE Washington physician who spoke disparagingly of the health of the President is getting no thanks. His professional brethren talk of eliminating him from their ranks, and though they will hardly do that, it is likely that he will not prescribe for Mr. Cleveland again unless he is regularly called in. The President declares himself to be sound, and not yet advised by any failure of his energies that he is not good for another term. He is busy with the work in hand, and not disposed to disturb his mind about his chances of being his own successor. Which is fortunate, for if he should undertake to keep track of the "straws" collected by the

esteemed morning journals of this town alone, he would have no leisure for the duties of his office. Scarcely anyone who deals in politics seems to take less thought about the future occupancy of the White House than its present tenant.

THE man who said "murder will out" seems to have had no just conception of the obscurity of life in New Jersey.

MR. BLAINE, who is on a Western trip this spring, took occasion to upbraid the citizens of St. Louis for that they never recognized or commemorated the services of Thomas Jefferson to their town. Mr. Blaine says, and we presume it is true, that Jefferson bought the land on which St. Louis stands from Napoleon I., and he thinks the Missouri people ought to have raised a monument to their purchaser long ago. It has long been considered good Republican doctrine that Jefferson was something between the Bob Ingersoll and the Carter Harrison of his day, and it looks as if Mr. Blaine's historical studies had upset his political judgment when he talks of monuments to the chief bugaboo of his party.

THERE are rumors, by the way, that Carter Harrison's glory is departed, and that the City Hall in Chicago is about to know him no more. Good-bye, Carter. Don't hurry back. It will spare your feelings to be out of town when the Anarchists are hanged.

THE rumor of the loss of the *Scythia* that disturbed New York and Boston ten days ago, remains unaccounted for. It was a very curious rumor, and about thirty Boston reporters, who rode most of the night in the cars and walked several miles through slush, are anxious to know who started it.

THE Kissane story reads as though it might be "continued" in the next number of *The Weekly Hair-Raiser*. The Eastern public is still uncertain whether the W. K. Rogers identified as Kissane is the same who was lately private secretary to Rutherford B. Hayes. They will want to know very definitely about this before the District Attorney quashes that indictment.

IS there no way of getting rid of the Fifth Avenue bus? A greater nuisance was never allowed to travel unchained. The ability of the managers to economize seems absolutely without limit, and we expect soon to see the noisy nuisances shaking up and down the streets, with one horse and an automatic self-paying driver.

WHEN FIRST THE MAID I LOVE, I WOODED.

WHEN first the maid I love, I wooed,
I gave the rein to hope and passion;
She smiled at my excited mood,
And told me "love was out of fashion."

In dainty verses next I tried
To move her by my pretty wit;
She tossed each ardent page aside
And clearly would have none of it.

I took her to my father's bank,
And showed her vaults of smiling gold;
I laughed at love and lauded rank,
And there again my tale I told.

The dawn of love was in her eyes—
Her answer was not hard to guess;
I saw her bosom fall and rise—
She blushed and softly answered "Yes."

Henry Emerson.

METEOROLOGICAL.

VISITOR (*in a mountainous New England town to a resident Professor*): Good morning, sir; this is *beau-ideal* weather.

PROFESSOR: Yes, but come here a couple of months later and we'll show you some *boreal* weather.

AN APRIL FOOL.

TIME, APRIL 1ST.

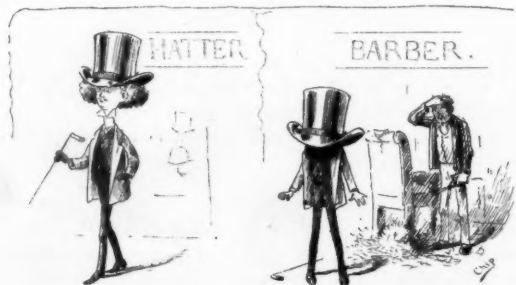
YOUNG HOPEFUL: Papa, has the signal service man been trying to fool us? because the clear weather flag is up and it has snowed all day.

PROUD PARENT: I suppose he has, my son.

(*Several days after—A clear day and the general rain flag up.*)

YOUNG HOPEFUL: He has been trying to fool us again, Papa, but April fool is gone and past and he's the biggest fool at last.

THE Democratic party is safe not to run down Hill—at least while Mr. Cleveland is at the head of it.



HE DIDN'T HAVE HIS HAIR CUT BEFORE BUYING HIS NEW SPRING HAT.



A FLASH FROM THE TORCH.

Mrs. H.: ISN'T IT HIGH, WILLIAM?

Mr. H. (*sadly*): YES, MY LOVE, LIBERTY USUALLY DOES COME HIGH.

NEXT MORNING.

CHAPPIE: Haw, Cholly, how feel?

CHOLLY: Immense. How you?

CHAPPIE: First Clawss. How's head?

CHOLLY: Immense.

CHAPPIE: Haw, naturally.

CHOLLY: Haw.

A HARD time. — The Iron Age.



THE CLOSE OF LENT.

LENT is over, and the sinner
Now resumes the ball and dinner,
While the trees are bringing forth their dainty buds.

Those who fasted well or ill,
Set the pace much faster still,
In a grand display of fashionable duds.

* * *

PHILADELPHIA fathers can derive considerable comfort from the knowledge that their sons are now referred to as "fast young men."

* * *

THE *World* confesses that it takes twenty-one hundred and seventy-six pounds of ink to print its Sunday edition. It is strange that so much weight should go to make such a light paper.

* * *

THE New Jersey police came very near tracing the Rahway murderer last week, but a New York detective interfered and lost the clue.

* * *

AGENTLEMAN who has tried both says that he cannot decide which is the more cheerful, the business of an undertaker or a week at Old Point Discomfort.

* * *

IT is announced that Mr. Vanderbilt's new yacht rolls; but so does Mr. Vanderbilt—in wealth.

* * *

BOSTONIANS retain a large portion of the Puritanic cruelty of their fore mothers and fathers.

At a Longfellow memorial held at the Hub last week, Mr. Howells and some other authors had to stand up and read their own works.

Some people enjoyed the spectacle, but we think the punishment was a little too large for the crime.

* * *

DR. FULTON'S crusade against the Roman Catholic Church is succeeding beautifully.

At least ten Roman Catholics have died in Brooklyn since the Doctor began his work.

* * *

THERE is a measure before the legislature to exempt religious institutions from the water-tax.

We are glad to know that our legislators appreciate what we all owe to religion, but we think the bill should be amended so as to exclude the Baptists from its workings. There is no reason why the State should show undue favoritism to any one sect.

MR. HOWELLS is not very well satisfied with the condition of fiction. Perhaps the eminent realist has been reading W. D. H.

* * *

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has done a good thing in promoting Mr. Fairchild to the Treasury portfolio.

We are assured, on the highest authority, that Mr. Fairchild can tell a counterfeit coin a mile off.

* * *

THE number of poor servant girls who have waked up to find that they were murdered in New Jersey week before last is appalling.

There are almost enough of them to organize a labor union and boycott their identifiers.

* * *



"NO EASTER EGG OF ME, THANK YOU!"

* * *

BUNYAN said that "Humility is the light of understanding."

This explains why the man with light understanding feels humiliated when wearing knickerbockers.

* * *

"NOTHING," writes Balzac, "is irredeemably ugly but sin."

Balzac died without seeing Ben Butler.

* * *

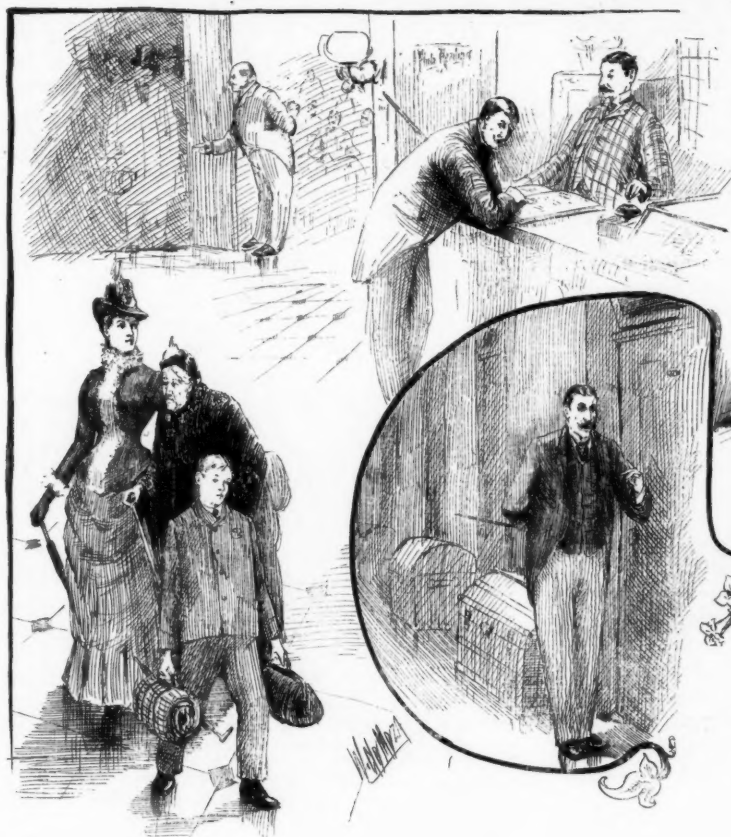
THE Czar of Russia gets homesick if a week goes by without his attempted assassination.

He is changing his mind about might making right, especially when it is dynamite.

* * *

JOHANN MOST is very like the month of March. He is windy. He went in like a lion and came out like a lamb.

We hope he will continue the parallel, and, like March, keep quiet for a year or so.



DE PROFUNDIS.

'TIS a strange, strange fate that has brought
her here,
To this sad old winter resort ;
How the sight of her name brings back the time
When I hopelessly paid my court.

As I seek my room through the hallway dim,
I pause as I pass her door ;
And the old romance, with a pang dies out—
For I hear my lost love—snore!

Roland King.

THAT HOUSE IN FLA.

A man in St. Augustine, Fla.
Built a house which was almost all ca.
There was nothing so nt.,
As *he* thought, in the st.,
But his guests said that nothing was ha.

COLOR BLIND.

MRS. JOHNSON (*full-blooded negress*): Gawge, go
wash yo' face, it's all black.

GEORGE (*her ten-year old son, after carefully examin-
ing his face in a 3x4 fragment of looking-glass*): I don'
want to wash, ma ; I don' see no black.

ONE of the favorite sackcloths for Lent was sealskin
sacque cloth. No ashes.

STATISTICAL.

THERE are 23,000 prohibition drug-stores in Georgia,
or one jug to each inhabitant.

OUT OF ORDER.—A non-union man.

A SEAL-SKIN.—A notary public.

A JOKE-OWES MAN.—The editor of a comic paper.

SOCIAL CO-OPERATION.

DEBUTANTE: "What beautiful china the de Jones
have."

OLD STAGER: "'Tis rather pretty. It looked much better
at Smythe's last week, though. Smythe's mahogany table
rather set it off."

BOOKISHNESS

MR. WHEELWRIGHT'S "DRIVES" AT BOSTON.

IT is refreshing to find a Boston writer who is not so oppressed with the surpassing intellectual greatness of that center of learning but that he can make a little mild fun of his fellow-townsmen. John T. Wheelwright has had the temerity to make the hero of his novel, "A Child of the Century" (Charles Scribner's Sons), a man who was "suffering from a severe attack of Boston," and who, to escape from the depressing atmosphere, fled to Europe only to fall in love. It would appear from this that the only cure for a "severe attack of Boston" is to divert the disease from its acute form of *self-love* to the love of another. If the external object of affection is a rich and beautiful girl from Cincinnati, the cure will probably be complete and permanent.

AND Mr. Wheelwright, with still more audacity, says through one of his characters: "There must be some life in Boston, outside of the novels, as dramatic as it is elsewhere. The novelists of the day delight in analyzing men's motives; and it seems to me that many of them have taken out all their works so often to inspect them, that, like the little boy who performs this operation upon his father's Frodsham watch, they cannot put them together again."

These are the sentiments which LIFE has persistently asserted for three or four years, and we welcome Mr. Wheelwright to a front seat on the "mourner's bench" of repentant Bostonians. May he never write any more verses about "savage" critics who "stab the Bostonese," but keep right on in his good work of doing a little satirical stabbing on his own account!

THE author has also dared to do another thing at which his fellow-Bostonians will be shocked—he has used a

great deal of sharp, crisp, every-day American-English. It is not extremely elegant, but it is expressive, and (to follow his example) "it gets there all the same."

These American witticisms sparkle on a good many pages. Often they do not ring quite true, or are "stale and unprofitable" through age. But they are bright enough to keep one awake and wondering what is on the next page. It was certainly a good, though not entirely novel, thing to say that *Sewell* had been brought to manhood "under the aegis of a protective tariff and a Puritan ancestry;" that "in most cases a man in love is a nuisance to everybody," and that four Boston girls "appeared used to society, yet, at the same time, inured to a lack of attention from men."

THE first half of this novel is the best. Even the conventional transatlantic voyage is attractively described, and Paris and Etretat are made interesting. From the time of *Sewell's* return to Boston the story loses its coherence. We are given a Mugwump campaign in that city, a Speaker-ship fight in Washington, the usual rich-man's ball for political purposes, and a very commonplace defalcation. They have little to do with the story—indeed almost any kind of incident could have been used to fill in the necessary interval of agony between the Boston man's discovery that he was in love, and the time when his courage reaches the proposing point. He seems to have been an exceedingly faint-hearted lover for a Mugwump. *Droch.*

• NEW BOOKS •

THE FEUD OF OAKFIELD CREEK. A Novel of California Life. By Josiah Royce. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Latest Studies on Indian Reservations. By J. B. Harrison. Indian Rights Association, Philadelphia.

Natural Law in the Business World. By Henry Wood. Lee & Shepard.

Practical Cheirosophy. A Synoptical Study of the Science of the Hand. By Edward Heron-Allen. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Christ before Pilate. A Steel Engraving of Munkacsy's Painting. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.



HENDERSON DETECTS A LOOSE THREAD IN THE SEAM OF HIS NEW SPRING TROUSERS.



A QUICK PULL REVEALS THE FACT THAT HIS TROUSERS WERE NOT MADE ENTIRELY BY HAND.

SEWED WITH THE WRONG MACHINE.



THE EFFECT OF CULTURE.

Boston Girl: OH, MOTHER! I DID SOMETHING AWFULLY IMMODEST AT THE PARTY TO-NIGHT.

Mother: WHY, MY DEAR CHILD, WHAT WAS IT?

B. G.: THAT HORRID BOUQUET MR. BEACON SENT ME HAD SOME CINNAMON PINKS IN IT. THEY MADE ME SNEEZE, AND—BUT I CAN'T SAY IT.

Mother: GO ON!

B. G.: MY GLASSES FELL OFF, AND MR. BEACON SAW MY BARE FACE!

LESSONS IN LITERATURE.

PROF.: Mr. Osborne, you say Mr. James was born in America.

MR. OSBORNE: Yes, sir.

PROF.: He is an American, then?

MR. O.: Oh, no, sir! he would never be anything so vulgar. He is English!

PROF.: Where do you gather that?

MR. O.: From his books, Professor.

PROF.: Do you mean to say he despises his own country?

MR. O.: Oh, no! he merely wishes to set it an example.

PROF.: Ah! I see. Now, Mr. Osborne, tell me, to what school of literature does he belong?

MR. O.: The linguistic school.

PROF.: What are the characteristics of that school?

MR. O.: the power of making words mean what you please.

PROF.: That is very flattering to the reader, is it not?

MR. O.: Very. It makes him do most of the work.

PROF.: Then Mr. James is a great genius?

MR. O.: Yes, sir; he is wonderful.

PROF.: What does Mr. James chiefly admire in nature?

MR. O.: Mr. Howells.

PROF.: How is that?

MR. O.: I cannot say. Mr. Howells' essay in *The Century* on Mr. James may explain it.

PROF.: What is Mr. James' most marked characteristic?

MR. O.: His power of analysis.

PROF.: How does he use that power?

MR. O.: In showing his characters in every possible light, at all hours of the day and night, and in all conceivable attitudes.

PROF.: What effect does this have?

MR. O.: His publishers are constrained to

spend large sums for paper in the manufacture of his works.

PROF.: Any other effect?

MR. O.: It tends to increase the World's stock of profanity.

PROF.: Very well, so far. Now, what can you say of the plots of this author's novels?

MR. O.: I do not understand you, Professor.

PROF.: The plots, I said; the plots! What about them?

MR. O.: I did not see anything like that in his works.

PROF.: Oh, you didn't! What does he say to that?

MR. O.: He says he does not need any. You see, he writes well enough without them.

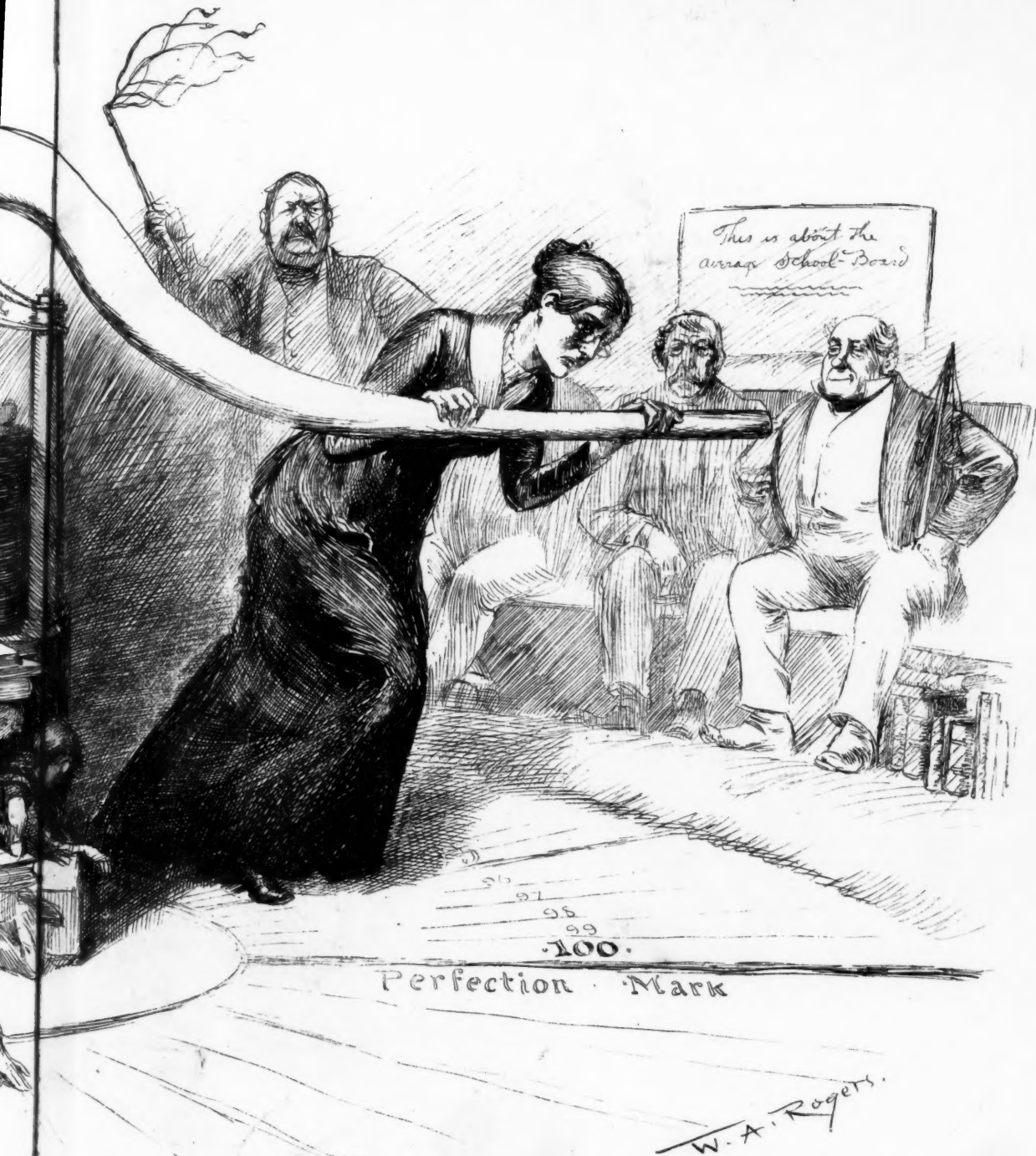
PROF.: But would he not be thought better of if he preserved the unities?

MR. O.: Oh, no! he would then be judged by the same standard as the great writers.

Andrew F. Underhill.



"KNOWLEDGE IS
VERY TRUE, GENTLEMEN, AND S



EDGE IS POWER."

MEN, AND SO IS GOOD HEALTH.



I HAVE it on undeniable authority that the disagreement between Captain Samuels and the owner of the *Dauntless* arose from Mr. Colt's desire to sail closer to the horizon, which Captain Samuels, knowing the difficulties attending such a course, resolutely refused to do.

For my part, I think Captain Samuels should have obeyed his employer even if he was ordered to saw the ship's log into laths and construct a hen-coop on the hatchway. An owner has some rights which even an employé is bound to respect.

I do not place much credence in the report that the *Coronet* won because the food gave out, and it became a matter of life and death with those on board to reach Queenstown before Tuesday. Any one who has crossed the ocean is, of course, aware that the sea abounds in edibles of the most delicious kind. Who that has feasted on *Gulls Fricassees* can ever forget the delight of that epicurean indulgence? What sort of man is he who retains anything but pleasant memories of Albatross-on-Toast, seasoned with the salt of the atmosphere, the pepper of hunger, and the mustard of appetite?

Rather let us attribute the *Coronet's* victory to the dreadful condition of affairs existing in the *Dauntless's* larder, allusion to which was made in these columns last week. After living five days on champagne and Welsh rarebits, the devoted crew of the defeated vessel found themselves so heavily overloaded that speed became impossible, and the bird of victory, which up to that period had swooped dangerously near the *Dauntless's* spars, flew off at a decided tangent and perched on the bowsprit of her rival.

The losers may take consolation in the fact that though their vessel was slower, their living was much faster than that of those on board the *Coronet*.

I LEARN from private advices from Boston that a novel series of contests is to be inaugurated at the Hub. Under the auspices of an Athletico-Literary Society, having its being on Beacon Street, Boston, is to challenge the United States to an All-around General Superiority Match, to take place in the early summer. The trophy offered is a belt, elaborately and appropriately carved, and is to be awarded to that city which furnishes the best literary-athletic team. The contest is to consist of a ball match, a prize fight, a prize poem contest, an analytical-novel writing race, a high jump, and a debate on the authorship of Richard III., for points. With such a team as the Boston nine—John L. Sullivan, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Howells, a dark jumper, and James Russell Lowell, it may be readily imagined that Boston is well equipped for the fray. I haven't much doubt that New York could beat Boston at baseball, but with the exception of Captain Williams and Edgar Fawcett to pit against Sullivan and Howells, we haven't much of a chance at the other

points of the contest. If Mr. Dana, of the *Sun*, could be prevailed upon to enter for the jump, there might be some prospect of our winning; but if Boston's dark horse should transpire to be ex-Governor Butler, Mr. Dana would undoubtedly withdraw and Boston would win by default.

Nothing has been finally determined upon as yet, and the originators of the scheme may include a prize exhibition of Boodle Aldermen, so that New York may enter with some prospect of success. I hope the leaders of our literary and athletic communities will take the matter in hand, so that we may be well represented. Boston has already spent \$10,000 on Mike Kelly, and Chicago has made an ineffectual effort to secure Mr. Lowell. Cannot New York afford a few paltry dollars for a Poet?

A NEW game which properly comes under the head of Sport is called "Progressive Lincoln." A copy of the *Century Magazine* is placed on each of the play-tables, which are arranged as in Progressive Euchre. The players then proceed to find anything they can about Abraham Lincoln in the "History of the Martyred President" now running in the *Magazine*. Those who find five remarks about him first are declared winners and move forward, while those who fail retrogress, as in all the progressive games now so popular.

The game is destined to become a great favorite with society people, but one precaution should always be taken. Chapters of the history which contain five allusions to the subject must be provided for the game, otherwise the evening is likely to go by without any winners, and drag correspondingly.

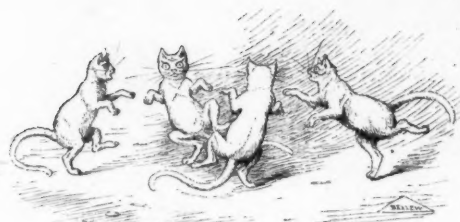
A SMART man is Captain Samuels. He writes a book, gets it recommended by a bishop, and then gets up a twenty thousand dollar yacht race to advertise it. It is a good book, a credit to its author and its backer, and a joy to its readers.



IS THIS MIND READING?

Blindfolded Medium (with pistol): YOU STARTED FROM THE BANK AN HOUR AGO WITH A PILE OF TEN AND TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS, WHICH YOU HAVE AT THE PRESENT MOMENT IN THE INSIDE POCKET OF YOUR WAISTCOAT; YOU HAVE ALSO TWO ROLLS OF GOLD COIN IN YOUR TROUSERS' POCKET. WILL YOU KINDLY THROW UP YOUR HANDS FOR A FEW MOMENTS WHILST I CONVINCE MYSELF WHETHER I AM RIGHT OR WRONG IN MY SURMISES? *He was right.*

FRENCH PHRASES FOR YOUNG BEGINNERS.



Pas de Quatre.



Pa de Two.



Pas de Two.

THE YEARN OF THE INSOLVENT SWELL.

OH, for a lodge in the Pribydor Islands!
 Shaded, secluded and far from the world;
 Oh, for a home in the Thibetan highlands!
 Where Nature her forces chaotic has hurled.

Mine be a cot, far in wilds Patagonian,
 Swept by the surges of ocean and storm,
 Or a cave in the depths of some island Ionian,
 Out of all sight of a curst human form!

Or a dreamy air-castle, wherein to take leave of
 The earth and its turmoil, its sorrows and fits—
 In short any refuge that mind can conceive of
 Which tailors' can't reach with their d—"Please, remits."
Albert Comstock.

THE DIARY OF A PROFESSIONAL DINER-OUT.

I.

FEBRUARY 10TH.—Dined at the Morgan's last night. The Morgans are pretty new people, and have had a rather tough struggle in climbing the giddy heights of society. They still show a lack of "form" and knowledge of the world by a tendency to be religious, and old man Morgan actually said grace before dinner began! This was an entirely new experience to me, and as it was a very faintly mumbled affair, I did not realize what was going on, and started off in the middle of it upon a delightful anecdote about a Boston lady who married a New Yorker for her first husband, a Baltimorean for her second, a Charleston man for her third, and was in hopes of so adjusting matters that she would be able to pass her declining years in the balmy air of Florida. The rather awkward silence that followed this *contretemps* was at last broken by Mrs. Morgan, who said to me by way of reproof, "Mr. Carroll, I heard some people talking you over the other day, and they all agreed that you ought to get married." Whereupon I explained that I should only be too happy to do so, but I had unfortunately bought too many horses at auction—horses that were apparently perfect, both physically and dispositionally, but which had turned out on closer acquaintance to be utterly worthless. I was called "horrid," and voted a brute for this comparison, and so for the moment was obliged to subside and turn my attention to the young lady who I had "taken in." She was, as I soon discovered, a child of the Quaker City, and—ah, me! is there anything in the wide world so charming as a Philadelphia girl? It is extremely odd that a town whose name is synonymous for death and oblivion, whose streets are grass-grown, and where the tram-cars run in only one direction, should give rise to such delightful creatures.

Let me add that I am a judge in the matter, having enjoyed profound experience of all the various species, beginning with the Boston girl, who is so high-bred, but so much like her own hard rock-bound coast. It is a never-ceasing pleasure to me to watch a thermometer as a Boston girl approaches, and see the mercury scuttle down into the bulb as fast as ever its legs can carry it. And then one turns to the New York girls for relief; it is impossible, however, to classify them, for there are so many of the dear creatures, and so many crosses and breeds and goodness knows what not, that you can only buckle on your stoutest armor and pray to escape with a few remnants of your heart remaining to you.

But I am dragging the anchor of my discourse most inexcusably; let me come back to my haven beside the Sanctissima from Philadelphia. Ah, me! she was so charming, so unconscious, such a little patrician, and so cordial and sympathetic in her dignified refined little way! And when I was wicked and brutal enough to ask her if Philadelphia wasn't the place where the chestnuts went when they died, she replied by inquiring if I intended to go to Philadelphia when I was gathered in. And then she gave me such a mischievous, pleading, oh, don't-be-angry-with-me sort of look, with her great brown eyes, that I felt—oh, dear! oh, dear! A glass of ice-water and a fan, quick, please! Hullo! quarter to seven! I must dress and go to the McWhirters', and be bored to death. However, it's better than paying for a dinner at the club; so *adios!*

II.

FEBRUARY 11TH.—Went to McWhirters' last night. Thanks to my Waterbury I arrived there twenty minutes too early, and felt about as dreary as a Canadian orange grove as I waited in a dark parlor for the old people to come down. Bah! how I hate to be too early for a dinner; it has such a hungry look about it!

The McWhirters are an awfully old family. The first McW. was, I believe, a sutler in William the Conqueror's army, and the family ought to have died out long ago, for they have been going on altogether too long, and are the stupidest lot of jays that I ever had the misfortune to fall in with. I think, by the way, that all old families, barring my own, ought to die out, for their brains seem to have gotten discouraged and weary, and the older they are the more appalling is their stupidity. However, that is neither here nor there; so let me come to the surface once more.

The McWhirters' party was composed of a lot of old goats just like themselves, and it was pretty hard work keeping awake as I "took in" an elderly young lady from Baltimore who had red hair and very little to say for herself. I began with her by asking—*apropos de rien*—if she had read the "Princess Casamassima." She replied that she didn't remember whether she had or not, and wanted to know who wrote it, and when I said it was by James, she said sneeringly, "Oh,

yes; he's the man that always begins with 'A solitary horseman was seen approaching, etc.'" Oh, dear! oh, dear! that's always the way with Baltimore girls, they are so jam so id full of ignorance!

I thought that blessed dinner would never come to an end; but at last we finished our cigars and returned to the drawing-room. Nobody had anything to say, so we sat and blinked at one another like so many dyspeptic owls, and three of the old men went to sleep and snored. At last Mrs. McW. remembered that I sang a little, whereupon there was a great outcry, and everybody who was awake insisted that I should at least try; so I turned to the piano and discovered that it must have belonged to the first of the McWhirters, and that the Conqueror's army had used it pretty roughly. However, there was no help for it; so I thoughtlessly sang Brahms's "Wiegenlied," and a cuckoo-clock struck twenty-four times in the middle of it, and the cuckoo flopped out and fairly drowned me with his "Hoo-hoo! hoo-hoo! hoo-hoo!"

When the clock and the bird and I had finished our trio nobody said a word; dead silence reigned for what seemed ten minutes at least. At last Mrs. McW. said to me, hesitatingly, "You—er—er play the piano very well!" And then an old chap who had just woke up asked if I couldn't give them "Home, Sweet Home," and another old fellow wanted "Over the hills to the Poorhouse."

I went home after that, and if ever the McWhirters ask me to dine with them again I'll accept and not go.

Roland King.

TIME IS MONEY.

HIGGINS: I sold you that overcoat three weeks ago for a dollar and a quarter. How much do you want for it now?

MERCHANT: Vell, you could haf it for six tollar. Ve must haf some dinks for storage, you know.

UP at the top the world is full of sunshine.—*San Francisco Examiner*. It is indeed! Come up, brother; come up, and bask in its rays.

COULDN'T USE THEM RAW.

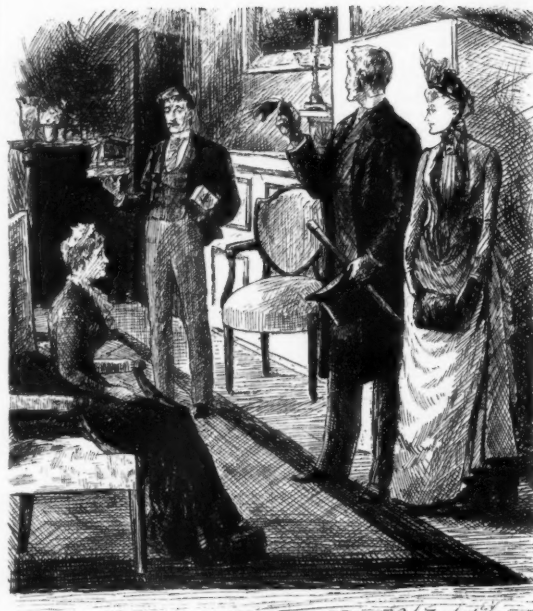
UNLUCKY HUMORIST: I'll never send anything to *The Weakly Crow* again! Here's a lot of spring jokes, which they return with advice to put them in the fire.

FRIEND: I suppose they think roasted chestnuts are best.



À LA PSYCHE.

Little One: AH, YOU OLE PROUDY, YOU! YOU AIN'T NO WENUS, IF YER HAS GOT DER SYKESY TWIST TER YER HAIR!



SOMETHING TO FALL BACK ON.

Mr. S.: HELLO, JACK, STUDYING? THOUGHT YOU WERE TRAINING FOR THE COLLEGE NINE.

Jack's Mother (whispering): HUSH! THEY WOULDN'T TAKE HIM ON. HE'S DREADFULLY DISAPPOINTED, POOR FELLOW!

His Sister: Yes! REALLY desperate, you know. THERE IS NOTHING LEFT FOR HIM NOW BUT TO TRY FOR THE Φ B. K. AND HE FEELS THE DISGRACE.

ONLY ONE THING NEEDED.

SMITH (one of the boys): I hear you and Hatton are getting up a gold mining company. Is that so?

LAMBKINSON (a lamb on his first shearing): Aw—yes! doocidly profitable, you know.—You in it?

SMITH: Oh no, none for me, thank you. But how are you getting on?

LAMBKINSON: Splendidly!—we've got everything but the mine!!

THOUSANDS of country houses attest Queen Anne's great popularity as an architect.

CONSIDERATE.

BENEVOLENT OLD LADY (addressing one of her protégés, a native of the Emerald Isle): I am very much surprised, Mrs. Maloney, to see this pig living in the same room with you and your children.

MRS. MALONEY: Sure, marm, he's a very illigent crature, and particular; but he don't moind us, a tall, a tall.

ONE who is never without a vice — The carpenter.



ALL HE WANTED WAS A CHANCE.

A LADY returning home on an ocean steamer was much amused at the flirtation of the steamer surgeon and one of the fair passengers. One day, when the breeze wafted strongly in her direction, these words were borne to her from the loving couple: "It's so chilly," said the young lady. "I feel as if a goose were walking over my grave." "Do you?" asked the surgeon, tenderly. "I wish I was that goose."—*Ex.*

WHEREIN HE WAS MORE HONEST.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER (*timidly*): Isn't fourteen cents rather high for turkey? I am quite sure the price across the way is only thirteen.

BUTCHER: With the feet on?

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER: N-no, I think the feet are cut off.

BUTCHER (*with a superior smile*): I thought so. When we sell a turkey, ma'am, we sell it feet and all.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A GEORGIA STOCK DEAL.

AN Atlanta man who has just recovered from the Birmingham fever encountered a fellow-citizen with a bottle of whisky yesterday.

"I say," he remarked, "I'd like to have an option on that."

"How's that?" asked the man with the whisky.

"Why, this: I'll give you a quarter for the option, you drink a third of the whisky, I'll drink the other third, then we'll water the stock and declare a dividend."

They disappeared in an alley.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

TWO young wives are talking of their husbands. "You can't imagine," said one, "what a stupid blockhead Charles is!"

"And Henry?" ejaculated the other. "Why, his head must be made of wood, or something harder, for plates and dishes break on it with as little difficulty as the sea upon a rock!"—*From the French.*

WESTERN APPRECIATION OF ART.

THE rage among millionaires for great paintings is increasing. Rockefeller has just offered \$100,000 for Millet's "Angelus." Rockefeller knows a good thing in oil when he sees it.—*Cleveland Sun.*

A PRUDICIOUS youth, prompted by an unpleasant recollection of the last term, says that school teachers are like dogs: "They lick your hands." This carries off the palm.—*Texas Siftings.*

WIFE (*to husband*): Why is young Tompkins called a good fellow by his friends?

HUSBAND: Because he is always good-natured and pleasant, can tell a story well, spends his money freely, and shamefully neglects his family.—*N. Y. Sun.*

OLD GENTLEMAN (*to driver of Third avenue street car*): My friend, what do you do with your wages every week—put part of it in the savings bank?

DRIVER: No, sir. After payin' the butcher an' grocer an' rent, I pack away what's left in barrels. I'm 'fraid of them savin's banks.—*Ex.*

A WOMAN who was lost in the woods of New Hampshire for three days, said that the most that she suffered from was in not having her knitting along, and she blamed herself a good deal for not bringing a hand glass with her.—*Detroit Free Press.*



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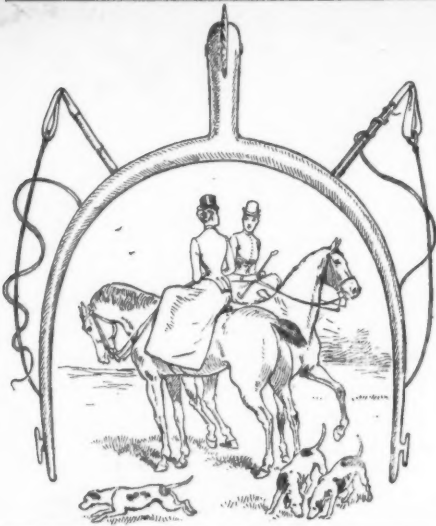
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Mr. Krieger, superintendent of Wheeling Park, writes: "I never had anything in the park that has attracted one-quarter the attention and admiration as these wonderful Bananas. You will remember my buying fifty of them when at your establishment last spring, at your earnest recommendation, though I confess I was decidedly skeptical of such small plants realizing your glowing description. I planted them in an old dahlia bed, and although the soil was very rich already, I piled on the manure 'thick and heavy' and spaded it in. Then I had my men water the bed daily with the hose. The result is astonishing. To-day (Oct. 14th) the plants are 13 feet high (actual measurement), and their beauty and majestic appearance are beyond my powers of description." A member of the Pittsburgh Club, who bought a lot to plant in front of the club-house (in the central part of the city), says: "The rapidity of their growth astonished me, and I have been bothered not a little trying to tell the many inquirers what they are. They are cheap, ridiculously cheap, for I could not have equaled their tropical effectiveness with a couple hundred dollars' worth of palms."

The great merits of this banana have long been known to plantsmen and amateurs, but its high price has always prevented its becoming popular. We have succeeded in getting a large stock, which we can offer at about one-sixth the usual prices.

In the latitude of New York they should not be planted until the 20th or 25th of May. In some of the Southern States and California they are entirely hardy.

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